B. J. II. 115

NEWS

FROM

EMBROKE & MONGOMERY,

OR

OXFORD *MANCHESTER'D*

BY

Michael Oldsworth and his *Lord*, who swore he was CHANCELLOUR of OXFORD.

AND

Proved it in a *Speech* made to the *new Visitours* in their New *Convocation*, April 11. 1648.

As here it followes Word for Word, and Oath for Oath.

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Printed at MONGOMERY, 1648.

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CHANCELLOR of OXFORD.

AND

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...here is Hollowes Word for ... Word for Oak.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

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THE SPEECH IT SELFE.

Mr. VISITOVRS,

I Am glad to ſee this day, I hope it will never end; for I am your *Chancellour*: Some ſay I am not your *Chancellour*, but Dam me they lie, for my *Brother* was ſo before me, and none but Raſcals would rob me of my Birth-right. They thinke Marqueſſe of *Hertford* is *Chancellour* of OXFORD, becauſe (forſooth) the *Vniverſity* choſe him; 's Death, I ſit here by *Ordinance of Parliament*, and judge ye Gentlemen, whether He or I look like a *Chancellour*: I'le prove He is a party, for he himſelf is a Scholar, he ha's *Greek* and *Latin*; but all the World knowes I can ſcarce write or read, dam me this writing and reading hath caus'd all this Bloud.

Some ſay, I love not the *Vniverſity*, but I ſay they lie, I love her, I count her my Mother, for I had *four Sons* there. You know what a coyle I had e're I could get hither, *Selden* did ſo vex us with his Law and his Reaſons we could get nothing paſſe; you ſaw I was fain to *ſwear him down*, and Mr. *Rous*, *Gurdon*, *Mildmay*, *Wentworth*,

worth, *Prideaux*, *Scot*, and other friends voted bravely, else *Selden* had carried it. 'S Death, that fellow is but *Burgesse* for *Oxford*, and I am *Chancellour*, and yet he would have the Parliament hear his *Law* and *Reason* against their own *Chancellour*. I thank God, and I thank you; I thank God I am come at last, and I thank you for giving me a *gilded Bible*; you could not give me a better Book (Dam me I think so) I love the Bible, though I *seldom use* it; I say I love it, and a mans *affection* is the *best* member about him; I can love it, though I cannot *read* it, as you Dr. *Wilkinson* love *preaching*, though you never *preach*, what? cannot a man be a Doctor of Divinity but he must *preach*? I hope you'l confesse I have gotten you good Places, if I had not stuck to you how could you have thrown out *Bayly*, *Sheldon*, *Fell*, *Potter*, *Oliver*, *Hammond*, *Morley*, and the rest? and then to what end had you been Visitours if ye got not their places? you know *Hammond* is my own God-son, and they say he is a Scholar; 'S Death I love *You*, what care I for deep Scholars? Mr. *Cheynell* (I thank you) you have been kind to me, you have *broke* your *brains* again for me, and I have given you another *Head*, for I have made you Head of *Saint Johns*, and for your sake have thrust out *Bayly*, his *wife*, and nine pretty *children*. Master *Reynolds*, I fear'd you would have left us, for you pretended to *take* no mans *place* from him, but I thanke God you are of another mind, for you have both a mans place and a womans place, you have all that belong'd to *Fell* and his Wife and all his Children. Mr. *Wilkinson*, you love me, and I am glad of it, for they say you hate your enemies to the Bottomlesse pit, I have given you my own Chaplins Prebend, and Dam me while hee serv'd Me he was an excellent Scholar. Mr. *Corbet*, I love

love you too, I have made you *Oratour* of the *University*, 'twas my God son *Hammond's* place, I hope none will blame me for displacing my own God son, you are now my God-son, for you are *Oratour*; I hope you'll speak for me, I cannot speak for my self; you have a Tongue now, though you want eyes, what cannot a man be a visitour, though without eyes? Mr. *Langley* I love you also, I have made you Doctor of Divinity, Malignants say it's impossible to make you a *Doctor*, but hang 'em they lie, for you were *created* Doctor, & nothing can *create* but *God* and a *Chancellour*; Nay, I have made you Head of *Pembroke Colledge*, I cannot make you *Governour*, for a Rogue (they call him *Poyer*) is *Governour* of *Pembroke*, and Dam me, I think the King will make *Poyer* to be *Earl* of *Pembroke*. Master *Harris*, you are an old man, I have made you Head of *Trinity Colledge*, I love an old head, Dr. *Kettle* was an old head before, but he loved us not, I love an old Head new made. Sir *Nathaniel Brent*, I know you love me, for you are Judge of the *Prerogative Court*, the Parliament gave it you, you are a good man, and that's a good place, they say you have no *Civil Law*, what's that to th' purpose: you have an Ordinance of *Parliament*, a man may be a Civilian by an Ordinance of Parliamente, else why the Devill have we sate seven years? My Father said that a *Parliament could do any thing but make a Man a Woman, and a Woman a Man.* Mr. *Rogers*, you look as if you loved me, and I have made you Doctor, they call you *Aaron* I hate 'em for it, for I hate *Aaron*, he was a Priest and I would have all Priests and Iesuits hang'd. Mr. *Cornish* I love you though your wife plaies tricks with you, they say she gads abroad becaus you are a *sickly weake man*, but I have given you Dr. *Wats* place, for *the weak-*

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eſt goes to the Wall (you muſt give me leave to clinch, for thoſe that have no wit muſt be content with clinches.) Mr. *Palmer* I have made you Head of *All Souls*, and have turn'd out *Sheldon*, I hope you love me, for you are a *Phyſician*, and never any *Phyſician* was Head of *All Soules*, they ſay their *Statutes* do keep you out, hang their *Statutes*, I'le keep you in, you are a *Member* of the Houſe of *Commons*, and a Member of *Parliament* may be Head of any Houſe, what? muſt the Parliament be tied to Oathes and *Statutes?* I have for your ſake clapt *Sheldon* in Priſon, was it not high time? Dam me he hath more brains then all we together, you ſaw to day what tricks he put upon me: I could not ſpeak to him but he made it Non-ſenſe, ſo as I was forc'd to cry him Mercy four ſeverall times; but I have *Sheldon'd* him by the heels, and he deſerves it, 's Death is he not *Clerk of the Cloſet*, I love no *Clerks of the Cloſet*, I am not one my ſelfe, Dam me if I be: There's a young rogue on *Palmer* (I hope Mr. *Palmer* he is not your Name-ſake) this little knave lookt at me as if he cared not two pence for me; But I have *Sheldon'd* him too; and I'le juſtifie it, for he is at leaſt twelve Years old, and the Parliament hath impriſoned one at nine Years old, I mean *Inchiquin's* Son, a Plague upon him, for now *Inchiquin* is turn'd *Inchiking*. Gentlemen, love one another, for there's twenty thouſand do hate you, they ſay you are all either *Dunces*, *Knaves*, or *Mad men*, 's Death they'l ſay ſo of me if they durſt. But doe you ſerve GOD, and love your CHANCELLOUR, you have all the good places, the *Univerſity* can yield; you deſired us to make you *Viſitours*, and you have made your ſelves heads of *Colledges*, I love you al, Dam me I do, I command you (*Regiſter*) to write it down that I love them all, your name is *French*, and

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my name may be *French*, for I cannot ſpell *Engliſh*. God bleſſe you all, and God bleſſe me, and do as I do, for I *fear God, and obey the Parliament*; I will live and die with you, and God confound me if I leave the Town theſe two dayes.'

Copia vera
Michael Oldsworth.

FINIS.